

# WALT DISNEY'S

## MAGAZINE

*formerly Walt Disney's*  
**Mickey Mouse Club Magazine**

VOL. II, NO. 4

**50¢**  
per copy



HAL STALMASTER AND LUANA PATTEN





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To our readers: With this, our eighth issue, we are changing the name of WALT DISNEY'S MICKEY MOUSE CLUB MAGAZINE to WALT DISNEY'S MAGAZINE. This change is being made because the editors feel that the new name more truly expresses the scope of the magazine.

With the change in name, no important changes in general content are contemplated. Followers of the Mickey Mouse Club television show will continue to find many articles and stories of special interest. The many letters we have received about the magazine indicate that our readers include all members of the family, and thus our aim will be to produce a magazine of interest to all.



Luana Patten and Hal Stalmaster, who play major roles in JOHNNY TREMAIN, current motion picture of Revolutionary days, are shown on this month's cover in a fine photograph by Roger Davidson. For a story on Luana Patten turn to page 12 of this issue.

Color photographs appearing this month include the following: Operation Deepfreeze, pages 8 and 9, taken by Elmo Jones; Samoa, pages 28 and 29, by Herbert Knapp; and So You Want to Have a Garden, pages 32 and 33, by Roger Davidson.

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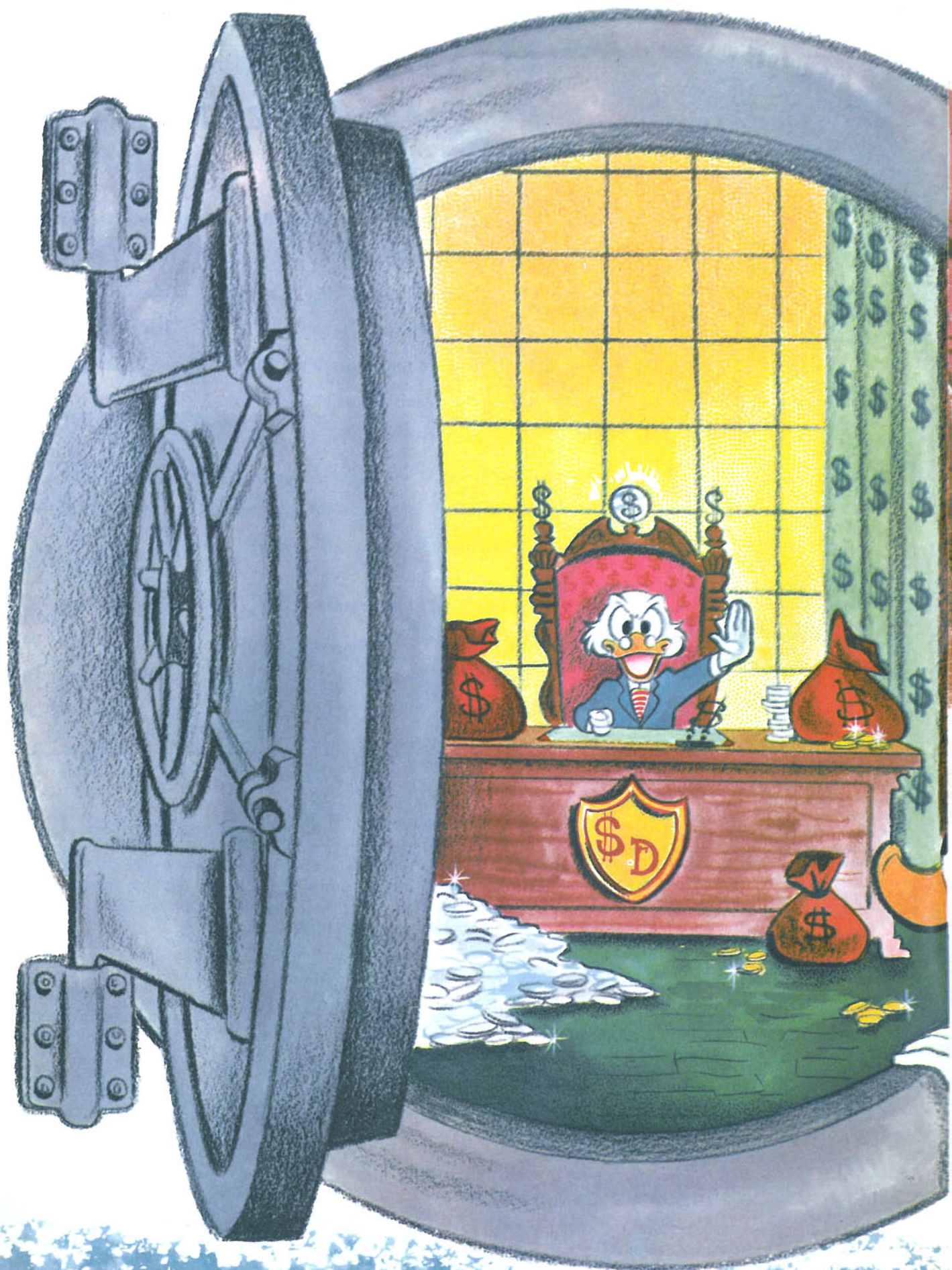
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# UNCLE SCROOGE MC DUCK

BY AL BERTINO AND DAVE DETIEGE

We've worked with Donald Duck for years, writing stories for his films, and more recently for his television shows. Naturally, we've gotten to know his family pretty well. In fact, we've made it a point to include as many of his relatives as possible in his shows. But one member of Donald's family who has never made an appearance with him on television is his uncle, Old Scrooge McDuck.

Scrooge has over eighty billion dollars. They say he's the richest duck in the world.

We decided it was about time that he made an appearance on a Disneyland show, so we went to visit the old boy at his home.

But visiting old Scrooge wasn't as simple as it sounds. As we walked up to his imposing mansion, we were met by a guard who wore a large revolver strapped to his waist and carried a rifle over his shoulder. "Stand right where you are, gentlemen," he said firmly. "State your names and your business!"

We explained to the guard who we were, and told him we wanted to talk

to Scrooge about making an appearance on television. The guard thought this over a moment, then asked us to follow him into the mansion.

Once inside the great house, he motioned us into a small room just to the right of the door. Inside were three other guards, and a pretty girl who acted as secretary. We were then put through one of the most extensive questioning periods we had ever undergone. Was our visit absolutely necessary? Would Scrooge's appearance on television cost *him* anything? Who would pay for the gas and oil he used driving to the studio? And so on for at least an hour.

At the end of the interview, the guard who had met us outside read through the notes that the secretary had taken and said, "All right, everything checks out. You can see Mr. McDuck now."

This time we followed our guide down a long, echoing corridor, past several large doors. Some stood open, and we could look into the rooms. In one room, which was completely filled with hundred dollar bills, a man





was counting aloud: "One million, ten thousand, eight hundred. One million, ten thousand, nine hundred..."

Another room had a person counting twenty dollar bills. Still another room was filled only with pennies, which were being counted.

A few feet from the end of the hall our guide stopped. "I'll leave you here," he explained. "Mr. McDuck has been notified and is expecting you. Just knock on that door." He pointed to a large circular door in front of us. It looked just like the door on a huge safe. In the center was the Scrooge McDuck coat of arms: a large dollar sign.

We knocked on the door, and heard the whirring and clicking of many tumblers falling into place. One last click and the massive barrier slowly creaked open.

A little bald duck, wearing glasses and sideburns, peered out at us. He resembled Donald, in a peculiar sort of way. This was Scrooge, the richest duck in the whole world.

"Are you the gentlemen who wish to interview me?" he asked, squinting at us through his glasses.

"Yes," we replied. "We would like to talk with you about making an appearance on television. You have a great many fans who would like to see you on one of the shows."

"Come in, gentlemen," Scrooge said, motioning us into his office.

As we stepped across the threshold, we discovered that we were almost knee-deep in a thick carpet of twenty-dollar bills. On the desk was a framed picture of a check, with a sign beneath it that read "MY FIRST BILLION DOLLARS." Here and there about the room were scattered bags filled with money.

Scrooge offered us two seats in front of his desk. Then he jumped into his own throne-like chair. "Now just what do you suggest I do?"

"We thought you might appear on one of Donald Duck's shows as a guest star," we offered as an opening.

"A guest star," Scrooge chuckled. "That sounds like an excellent idea. I'll bring along a few bags of money, you know, so folks will recognize me."

"We could introduce you as the Richest Duck in the World," we said, beginning to jot down notes.

"I guess eighty billion dollars does

give me that title," Scrooge answered modestly.

"I think your fans would like a show about you and your nephew Donald," we suggested. "Perhaps some interesting adventure you and Donald might have had together."

Scrooge smiled thoughtfully. "Yes," he said. "My nephew and I have had some rather exciting times..."

Scrooge's telephone interrupted

"Yessir!" answered the voices on the other end.

Scrooge raced to the huge, safe-like door and swung it shut. When it was obviously sealed tight, he collapsed in a heap against his desk, mopping his brow and murmuring, "He wants to borrow ten dollars!"

"Ten dollars!" We gaped at the little billionaire. "Why are you so upset, Mr. McDuck? You could easily



him. "Pardon me," he said lifting the receiver. "Hello... Scrooge McDuck speaking." He grinned broadly then, and covered the mouthpiece of the phone. "It's my nephew," he said. "He's at the front gate." Then he continued into the phone. "We were just talking about you, laddie. What can I do for you?"

Whatever Donald said then had an amazing effect on Scrooge. The old gentleman jumped and screamed, "No, No, No!" He slammed the receiver down, raced to the intercom and pushed down all of the buttons. "It's Donald Duck!" he shouted into the box. "He's at the front gate. He's going to try to get to my office. Stop him at all cost!"

afford to loan Donald the ten..."

"It's the principle of the thing!" Scrooge shouted. "Donald always thinks he can get whatever he asks for. This time it's different."

"Don will never be able to get in here, much less try to borrow ten dollars," we said. "This place is so carefully guarded. Why, that door alone would keep him out."

"Why, that's right!" Scrooge cackled, looking relieved.

Just then we heard a "click," and the massive door slowly creaked open. Donald stood smiling in the entrance.

Scrooge began pounding his head against the desk. "Impossible," he groaned. "Nobody can solve the



combination to that door."

"Hi, fellas," Donald greeted us. "Ahhh, Uncle Scrooge." Don turned toward the old man's desk.

Quick as lightning, Scrooge reached into a desk drawer, pulled out a pad of cotton and stuffed it into his ears.

"I'd like to borrow ten dollars, Uncle," Donald smiled.

"I can't hear you. I've got cotton

curiosity get the better of him. Scrooge had crawled on top of his desk and was straining to hear every word Donald was saying.

Donald then lowered his voice so that we could barely hear him. "I'm crying because I need..."

Scrooge grabbed the cotton from his ears. "What did he say?" he shouted. "What did the two-headed giraffe say?"



in my ears!" answered Scrooge.

It looked as though Scrooge was more than a match for Donald.

But then Don tried a new approach. He turned to us with a sly look on his face and said, "Say, did you fellows hear about the two-headed giraffe and the elephant?"

We shook our heads, and Donald pulled us into a huddle. "It happened in the middle of Africa. The giraffe with the two heads was crying one day when an elephant walked up to him. 'Why are you crying, Mr. Two-Headed Giraffe?' he asked. The giraffe leaned down and put his two heads right next to the elephant's gigantic ear."

Donald smiled as he saw his uncle's

"I need ten dollars, Uncle Scrooge," Donald said simply.

"Why would the giraffe say that?" Scrooge asked.

"Not the giraffe. Me!" Donald replied.

Scrooge realized he had been tricked. "No!" he screamed. "Never!"

"But Uncle Scrooge, I have a date with Daisy, and I'm broke!"

"No!"

"You're my favorite uncle, Uncle Scrooge. You're the only one I can turn to."

Scrooge wavered for a moment, but only for a moment. "Hah!" he exclaimed. "You mean the only one that has eighty billion dollars! The

answer's still no!"

Donald fell back a few steps, then recovered and roared, "You're stingy!"

"Spendthrift!" Scrooge shouted.

Then Donald scored with, "Would you loan me the ten dollars if I told you how I keep getting into your office without getting caught?"

Scrooge fell against the desk. He shook his head dazedly, trying to clear the cobwebs from his brain; trying desperately to think. It was his money against Donald's information. "All right," he moaned weakly. "Here's your ten dollars. Now tell me how you manage to get in here without getting caught."

Donald laughed and reached into his jacket. He pulled out a small, brown leather case. Opening this, he took a number of small objects and placed them before his uncle.

Then we saw an amazing thing. Donald began applying pieces of hair to the sides of his head. Then he took a pair of glasses and put these on, too. When he finished, Donald turned to face his uncle. "There," he said. "This is how I do it!"

Astounded, Scrooge said, "Why, you look exactly like me!"

With a self-satisfied smile, Donald pocketed the ten dollars.

"He disguised himself to look like me, and naturally no one would try to stop him," Scrooge mumbled sadly. Then he straightened up. "But you'll never be able to do that again. You'll never be able to get in here again to ask for a loan!"

"See you boys back at the studio," Donald said, waving as he left.

"I outsmarted him that time," Scrooge said. "He'll never get in here to borrow another dollar from me!"

We smiled sadly at him. "You forgot to ask Donald just one more question, Mr. McDuck," we said.

"What question?"

"How did Donald open your safe door without knowing the combination?"

Scrooge froze, a look of anguish on his face. We decided to leave without finishing our interview. Scrooge had begun banging his head against the desk again. We didn't think he was in the mood to talk further about making a television appearance with his nephew, Donald Duck.





For more than a year, the men of U. S. Navy Task Force 43 have been hard at work on one of the most rugged assignments any group has ever had to execute. They have been preparing bases on the bleak, bitterly cold Antarctic continent for the scientists who will take part in the gigantic project known as the International Geophysical Year.

This "year" will really consist of 18 months of concentrated research, beginning this July. Men of science hope to discover many of the secrets and, possibly, the treasures in natural resources that have been so long hidden by the remote, frozen land at the bottom of the world.

At the McMurdo Base, the members of the Task Force have worked all through the dark, cold months on the huge airfield, with its 6,000 foot landing strip—the main base for all the South Polar air traffic. In their leisure hours, these same men have devoted themselves to building and decorating the chapel you see below, at the base of Observation Hill. It is a sturdy structure—built to withstand the wind and weather of Antarctica. In the belfry hangs a bell borrowed from a Navy tanker. The chapel is open to all denominations. In it, each religion enjoys its own form of worship.

This tiny church, set so strangely in the middle of an alien wasteland, seems a reminder of home to the volunteers who are enduring the hardship of the lonely continent half a world away from home.

*Even though an approaching plane cannot be seen, the moving radar screen can "track" its flight and give the air controlman its exact location. This enables him to radio the pilot and give directions for landing. At McMurdo, storms often close in suddenly, blotting out visibility, so the air controlman's job is important.*

# OPERATION DEEPFREEZE

by Ted Sears

Illustrated by ART RILEY







*The men at the McMurdo Base designed their own South Pole, and inscribed it with the names of all of the staff. Later it was topped with a shiny crystal ball. This pole was to be flown to the Polar Station for installation at exactly 90° South.*



*The ice at McMurdo keeps ships from reaching the base. This Navy tanker was moored at the ice edge all winter. Aviation fuel from its tanks had to be pumped across the ice through a hose to the main fuel storage tank on shore.*







*Probably the first man to shave was some enterprising caveman who wanted to impress his cave-lady. Or perhaps our caveman was just curious when he saw his image in some quiet pool and decided to find out what was hidden under his shaggy beard. No doubt shaving with a stone axe was a bit rugged, but then, vanity is always painful.*



*From the time of Caesar until the reign of Napoleon, men concentrated on framing their faces with a full head of hair. This caused a big boom in the wig business. From simple little hair pieces, wigs grew to be outlandish, fanciful constructions, powdered and curled, which seemed to smother the wearer's face, rather than frame it.*



# FADS IN FACES

by Jack Kinney



*Some people think that the Egyptians may have carried the clean shaven look just a little too far. They even shaved their heads! Instead of hair, they had elaborate ornamental wigs. And they used lipstick, rouge, eye shadow.*

We all know that everyone is born with a face of one kind or another. This face is composed of a head, eyes, brows, nose, mouth, teeth, chin, ears and skin, and is adorned with a few other things like freckles, hair, etc. But very few people are aware that there are styles in faces, just as there are styles in clothing and cars, and that these styles are constantly changing.

For example, the early caveman admired a hairy, rugged type of face, with low, slanting forehead, jutting jaw and small, beady eyes. The Romans considered baldness very aristocratic, and thought that a large nose was a sign of manly beauty. Egyptians shaved their heads and used ornamental wigs and cosmetics.

Even today, we are still very concerned with how we look. Huge industries pour forth beauty aids to a demanding public. And statistics show that the average person spends approximately nine days, 17 hours and 35 minutes per year in front of a mirror. But there are no really set rules for beauty. What one person admires, another dislikes. This is fortunate, otherwise everyone would try to look like everyone else.

So let's face it. We've got a face. We can use it as we like. But let's try to keep ours smiling!

*Men are always looking for variety, so from time to time they grow whiskers. These are particularly exciting, since they can be grown in odd and interesting shapes—from the full-blown, bushy beards so popular with our pioneer ancestors to the dapper goatee and mustache.*







meet...

## LUANA PATTEN

by John Ormonde

Luana Patten, the 18-year-old beauty who currently ranks as one of Hollywood's most exciting "new-comers," actually made her acting debut when she was still in pig-tails. At the age of six, Luana starred in the delightful picture *Song of the South*. Now, 12 years later, she returns to the screen as the feminine star of the feature, *Johnny Tremain*.

But in spite of her years as an actress, Luana is very much like any other happy, young American girl. She lives with her parents in Long Beach, California, and she has many teen-age friends. She loves to water-ski, and is an ardent movie-goer. When she isn't working, she frequently goes to the movies three times in a single week.

Although Luana's favorite pastime is reading—and she often finishes a book in a single evening—the hobby that gives her the most pleasure is collecting demitasse cups. She has a large collection of these.

Luana had many memorable experiences during her early picture-making at Disney's. "I used to go to school at the studio," she recalls.

"Classes were in the morning. In the afternoon, we went on the movie set. A couple of my school chums were Sharon Disney, Mr. Disney's younger daughter, and Bobby Driscoll. Sometimes, when we weren't working in the afternoons, we got to ride some of the horses that were kept there at the studio.

"I remember the time we went to northern California on a movie location. Sharon and I used to hide from the film crew, just for fun. Once, Sharon, Bobby and I played by a huge dam, catching pollywogs. We had a lot of fun—but when we got back, everybody was so cross at us that we never did it again!"

Luana's career started when she was only two years old. A photographer spotted her playing on the beach with her mother one day, and

asked Mrs. Patten if she'd allow Luana to pose for some magazine photographs he wanted to take.

"Mother consented," says Luana, "and not long after that my picture was on the cover of this magazine. After that, up to the time I started working in films, when I was six, I had many more photos taken for the covers of women's magazines."

As a youngster, Luana traveled all over America, making personal appearance tours for her four Disney films, *Song of the South*, *Fun and Fancy Free*, *Melody Time* and *So Dear to My Heart*.

"My mother went with me on all those trips," recalls Luana. "Dad was in the Navy then, and we both missed him terribly. Mother wrote him long letters every day, telling him about places we visited and people we met."





Luana remembers her thrill when she saw her first snow in New York. She was seven years old at the time.

"It's hard for people in the east to realize that we Californians rarely get to see snow," she remarks. "Mother and I had a marvelous time. We threw snowballs at one another, and took dozens of photographs."

When she was on tour, Luana's day usually started about nine o'clock, with breakfast at her hotel. At ten, she and her mother might be scheduled for an interview at the local radio station. She usually lunched with reporters, or possibly with the mayor, then rested in the afternoons. Often there was a press party at five o'clock. Then, in the evening, Luana might go with her mother to a film showing.

When her four Disney films were completed, Luana's parents decided she should quit further movie-making until she graduated from high school. So Luana attended schools in the Los Angeles area until she was 16.

"I knew long before I graduated that I wanted to return to picture-making," says the fair-haired, gray-eyed young actress. "The first thing I did after graduation was to look around for a good part."

She got one, almost immediately—a top role with Sal Mineo and John Saxon in *Rock, Pretty Baby*, a teen-age story. Later, Luana returned to the studio that made her famous, to co-star with Hal Stalmaster and Jeff York in Walt Disney's *Johnny Tremain*.

Back at the Disney studio, Luana received a hearty welcome. "During my first few days on *Johnny Tremain*, people kept coming up to me, shaking my hand and telling me about incidents that happened to me as a youngster," Luana says. "It really gave me a warm feeling inside to know that so many remembered me."

Veteran publicist Jack Jungmeyer, who accompanied the Pattens on those tours in the 1940's, told Luana, "You're as pretty as ever—perhaps ever prettier!"

Would Luana repeat her experiences, if she had her young life to live over? Her reply to this question is enthusiastic: "Oh yes! I wouldn't have missed all those wonderful things that happened for anything!"



Luana Patten, who co-stars with Hal Stalmaster and Jeff York in Walt Disney's *Johnny Tremain*, first starred for Disney as a child (at right) in *Song of the South*, Luana—now 18, and a lovely young woman—is pictured by a Hollywood swimming pool (far right) and at home (upper right). On the opposite page she is seen as Cilla, the silversmith's granddaughter in *Johnny Tremain* and in the smaller photo as the heroine of *Song of the South*.







## ROAD ENGINES AND RAILS... *Part III*

### *Troubles of the Early Trains... by Bill Peet*

As the modern, streamlined train glides swiftly through the countryside, its passengers recline in air-conditioned comfort, gazing at the ever-changing panorama of mountains, deserts and forests moving past the large-view windows.

But train travel was not always such a delightful experience. Back in the 1830's it took courage and determination to ride in a passenger train.

Until the all-iron rail was introduced, rails were made of wood covered with strips of iron. When the heavy trains rolled over these rails, the iron strips sometimes

broke away and ripped up through the floors of the cars, often injuring the passengers.

And the early trains had no brakes, so it was a major undertaking to stop one once it got started. For years, manpower was used to brake the train. As a locomotive neared the station, a crowd of men rushed out to seize the steaming monster, overpower it, drag it to a halt.

Since the coaches were hitched together with chains, the cars jerked and bumped when the train moved along. When it stopped, the coaches often crashed together, hurling passengers to the floor. Sometimes a





*Illustration by BILL PEET*

coupling chain would break, and the engine would puff on for miles before the engineer discovered he'd left his passengers far behind.

To add to the general discomfort, clouds of smelly black smoke rolled through the open car windows, and a rain of hot cinders singed beards and burned holes in hats and coats. Eventually, a spark-catching smoke stack was invented.

Then there was always the danger of a boiler explosion. Nervous passengers constantly reminded the engineer to keep an eye on the steam gauge. On one occasion, a fireman who was bothered by the steam hissing through the safety valve shut the valve off. It was a fatal mistake! The boiler exploded with a mighty roar, and the fireman, the engineer and the locomotive were blown to bits.

There was even the menace of the wilderness. On one trip two ferocious bears came snarling out of the woods

to attack the locomotive, much to the horror of the passengers. So, on later trips, the fireboy was sent ahead to explore the woods beside the track, while the train crept cautiously along at a safe distance behind.

But in spite of peril and discomfort, people continued to ride the trains. By 1850 the railroads were doing a booming business. Locomotives grew larger and more powerful. Cars were made more comfortable. To show off their new prosperity, the railroads hired artists to adorn head lamps, steam domes and engine cabs with oil paintings. Landscapes were even painted on the tenders. As for the coaches, they were as elaborate as a king's carriage.

Though it was still a far cry from the modern streamliner, anyone could see that the train was well on its way. Crowds jammed the stations, eager to ride the fabulous new cars, for now a train trip was a romantic, wonderful adventure, not a hazardous undertaking.





VAST, ME HEARTIES, and lend an ear! Many are the tales of the sea to make the icy chills run up and down a lad's spine, especially the tales of pirates and buccaneers and their yellow gold.

In the early days, when the American continents were first being explored and settled, Spanish ships homeward bound

from the West Indies carried the treasures of the New World to the courts and markets of Europe. To lawless seafarers who banded together for common gain, these heavily-laden vessels with their rich cargoes were just prizes, to be won by force of arms.

Probably one of the first of the local characters to decide piracy was a practical way to wealth was Pierre le Grand. With a few other comrades as reckless as himself, he secured a small boat and lay in wait in the Caribbean Sea for a Spanish ship to suit his fancy. At length, when their wait almost seemed in vain, a ship was sighted. At nightfall the villains swarmed upon it. With sheer audacity, backed by pistols and cutlasses, they overcame the captain and crew and captured the ship. Apparently that one effort was enough for Pierre le Grand, but the story of his success spread like wild-fire through the islands and started gangs of hoodlums on a reign of terror and pillage beyond measure.

Again and again ships were attacked and plundered by bands of unscrupulous adventurers. History records many of the leaders' names because of their ignoble deeds. For instance, Lewis Scot captured and sacked, not a ship, but a whole town, and then demanded ransom to keep from burning it. François l'Olonnois was another buccaneer who followed in his footsteps.

Probably the most infamous of them all was Captain

Henry Morgan, a man of great daring, with an apparently insatiable love for gold. It has been said that whatever the amount of plunder, the gold seemed to shrink between the time it was taken and the time it was divided with the men. In this doubly dishonest fashion Morgan must have amassed a fortune.

Captain Morgan's boldness was as good as a weapon in his manner of attack. When the town of Porto Bello refused to surrender, he destroyed its fortified castles, then ransacked and set a price of ransom on the town itself. The already impoverished people paid.

After several such successful ventures, Morgan decided to strike for the biggest prize of all, the rich city of Panama. By this time he had assembled an amazing number of scoundrels who were willing to go with him. They went, first by canoe, then on a long trek through the wilderness. Although they were not opposed along the way, everything edible was destroyed before them. For once the buccaneers almost forgot their hunger for gold in their very real hunger for food, but they struggled on. At the outskirts of Panama the Spaniards were waiting with several thousand wild bulls. It was thought that the bulls would trample down the buccaneers. Instead, the pirates seized the animals they needed for food and slaughtered them. Then, fed and gold-crazy, they marched into Panama, ransacked the city, killed many of its inhabitants in a frenzy of rioting, and burned the beautiful city to the ground. It is said that when they left, almost two hundred beasts of burden loaded with gold, silver, jewels and other precious goods went with them. When the spoils were divided, again there was surprisingly little for the men. Morgan himself, now fabulously wealthy, slipped away, turned from his piracy and went back to a civilized life. Oddly enough, King Charles II honored this blood-thirsty cutthroat and, after a treaty between Spain and

# Pirate Ships



and



# pieces of eight





England, appointed Morgan lieutenant governor of the island of Jamaica.

The Atlantic seacoast has good reason to remember Captain Edward Teach, better known as "Blackbeard." With the light of battle in his eyes, his long, heavy beard twisted and braided, Blackbeard was a fearsome thing to behold. After a successful period of operation on the Spanish Main, this buccaneer set his course for northern shores. He calmly blockaded the port of Charleston Harbor and captured ships at will. Like Henry Morgan, Blackbeard also cheated his men out of much of their share of the loot. But the fortune he amassed was not his to keep for long. Even the doubtful friendship of some of the leading officials of the Colonies could not

save the pirate in this young, moral and vigorous land. Blackbeard was killed in action by a young lieutenant who volunteered to stop him once and for all. And the secret of his hidden gold perished with him.

Jean Lafitte, the pirate who helped Andrew Jackson stop the British at New Orleans, was one of the last of the line—and was often referred to as the richest.

Today, the age of piracy has passed into history. But now and then an old map turns up, and there are whispers that under the sands in lonely coves that dot the shores fortunes beyond wildest belief are hidden. One has only to find them! The days of the pirates are over, but the days of treasure hunting will rightly last as long as imagination exists in the minds of men and boys.

*Illustrated by* JACQUES RUPP











# The old Man of the Swamp

illustrated by HERB RYMAN

by Tom Jones

All their lives, Beau and David James had lived within three miles of Dragon Swamp, yet they had never been closer to it than the bridge which crossed Ford's Creek. They had heard the tales about the swamp, of course, for in every farmhouse kitchen for miles around the familiar stories of mystery and adventure in the grim wilderness were told and retold to eager young listeners. But the swamp itself was forbidden territory to Beau and David.

However, like most boys of twelve, the James twins dreamed of high adventure. And they were persistent. One bleak winter day, as they sat in the kitchen watching their mother prepare dinner, they mentioned the swamp.

"Mama," Beau ventured, "couldn't we just walk around the edge of the Dragon without going in too deep?"

"Certainly not," Mrs. James replied. "I don't ever want to hear of you two boys going near that swamp. You just don't realize the danger. Why even your

father wouldn't go in there to hunt, and there's some of the best game in the county back in that place."

As she spoke, Mrs. James slammed the oven door shut and turned to face the two boys.

"There's quicksand all over," she said, "and if you ever fell into that, there'd be no getting you out. It just drags you down until . . . until you're buried alive. Then there are snakes—moccasins, rattlers—the worst kind. And no tellin' what other reptiles and animals!"

Mrs. James paused to take a deep breath, then went on, "And that beast might still be lurking in there, just waiting for two boys like you to venture in."

At this last statement, the twins' eyes widened until they were big as saucers. They knew the story of the monster, but they wanted to hear it again.

"What beast, Mama?" they encouraged Mrs. James.

"The beast that gave the swamp its name. The dragon!" she answered.

The two boys squirmed excitedly in their chairs as their mother spoke.

"It was a long time ago. About 150 years ago, I reckon. A Mr. Frary from over in Gloucester County came to fish in the swamp. There were lots of bass in those days. Anyhow, this man rowed his skiff upstream quite a way and was sitting there with his pole, waiting for a catch, when he happened to look up and see this thing coming down with the current. It was about twenty feet long, all green and scaly. Its head was above the water and its mouth was open, showing a set of pointy teeth and a long red tongue that flashed in and out. Mr. Frary dropped his pole and rowed for the nearest shore. He didn't even tie up the skiff. Just left it there and ran as fast as his legs could carry him out of the swamp. I hear tell that he never went in there again. After he told his story, folks started calling the swamp 'the Dragon.'"

As she finished this hair-raising tale,



David heaved a sigh. "That's some story, Mama," he said. "Just think, a monster right here at home!"

For days after that conversation with their mother, the boys pondered the story of the dragon. Was there really a monster in the swamp? Or had the fisherman been frightened by something much more prosaic—like a floating log that seemed to be alive? Even if there had been a dragon, could it still be alive after all these years?

One evening, several weeks later, Mr. James came home late for supper. He was upset and excited.

"The Mason boys went hunting in the Dragon yesterday," he said. "They haven't come back. Better hurry and get supper on. I've said I'd go join the search party and look for them!"

Beau and David watched their mother's face as she set the meal in front of their father. She didn't want him to go, they knew, yet she said nothing. It was his duty. He had to help.

After a hurried meal, Mr. James changed to warmer clothing and left to join the searchers. When the boys were ready for bed, their father still had not returned from the swamp.

In the morning, when Beau and David came down to breakfast, Mrs. James cautioned them to be quiet. "Don't wake your father," she said. "He came home very late last night."

"Did they find the Mason boys?" Beau asked.

"Not yet," she answered. "It started snowing so hard, everyone had to turn back. Your father was worn out by the time he got home."

That afternoon, the Mason boys were found. A second searching party had gone upstream and discovered the missing boys staggering through the snow-covered forest. They had lost their way in the storm, and between the bitter cold and the snow, they were almost frozen.

Beau and David shuddered.

"You see, boys," Mrs. James remarked, "the Mason boys knew that swamp as well as anyone, except maybe that old hermit who used to live there. Yet they almost died out there."

"Old hermit, Mama?" David looked up quickly. "I never heard of any old hermit."

"He used to live near here," she explained. "His name was Seawell. He went into the swamp to trap years ago, and he stayed. Hardly ever even came to town. No one's seen him for quite some time, and folks think he must have passed away."

Winter went swiftly, and with it went the snow and ice and the biting cold. Grass was bright green in the fields and the trees were swollen with new buds. Young plants reached up through the rich earth, feeling for the sun.

One glorious Saturday, the twins clattered downstairs for breakfast and

found the kitchen door standing open, so that the sun could stream in on the floor. Beyond the doorway was a vista of blue sky and green fields.

"What a wonderful day," David exulted. "Let's go over to Rogers' and work on our clubhouse."

David and Beau had been working, together with the Rogers boys, to build a new clubhouse down in the edge of the woods. They used scraps of lumber from Mr. Rogers' sawmill.

"You can go," their mother smiled. "But you can't keep imposing on Mrs. Rogers' hospitality. I'll pack you a lunch to take with you."

"Fine," said Beau. "Can we take some things from Dad's toolchest? We'll bring them back."

"Make sure you do," Mrs. James said, trying to be severe and failing completely on this beautiful spring morning.

Fully equipped, the twins hurried to Rogers' farm, only to find that Jeff and Hank Rogers had gone to the sawmill with Mr. Rogers.

"Why don't you go down there and ride back on the truck with them?" Mrs. Rogers suggested. "I know they don't plan to be long at the mill."

Beau and David nodded their agreement and headed for the mill. It was quite a distance from the farm, on a piece of land near the Dragon. But when the boys arrived there they found the mill quiet. Only Sam, the sawyer, was there.

"Mr. Rogers and the boys went to the swamp," Sam told them. "They're goin' to cut more timber."

"Oh!" David was stumped for the moment. Then, "How far into the swamp did they go, Sam?"

"A couple or three miles, I reckon. If you follow that old road there," he pointed, "you'll find 'em."

Encouraged, Beau and David picked up their tools and their lunch and started for the swamp. They walked steadily, always keeping to the old road. At last, the sound of an axe falling on a tree trunk came to them from a distance.

"They must be down in there," David remarked, pointing into the dense woods to the left of the road.

"The road probably winds around there," Beau surmised, "but I think we could cut right through the woods and save time."

"But we're not supposed to go into the swamp," David reminded his brother. "We'd probably catch it if Mama knew we were in on this road."

"It can't hurt just to go down where they're working," Beau urged.

So the two boys struck out through the woods, heading in the general direction of the familiar sound. The undergrowth slowed their progress, but they pushed on, stumbling and crawling through the dense thickets.

But the more they walked, the more distant the sound became. They couldn't seem to gain on it at all. Then, suddenly it stopped!

They paused and waited and listened intently. There was no sound of chopping or sawing, only the natural sounds of the forest.

"They've gone," Beau remarked.

"Oh no," David was reassuring. "Just resting, probably. They'll start up again in a minute. Come on. Let's go."

The twins pushed on, and soon came to a clearing. Still the sound was not resumed.

"I guess you were right, Beau," David broke the silence. "Guess they have gone."

"Oh, well," Beau sighed, "as long as we're in the Dragon we might as well explore a little before heading back. If we keep going, we're bound to run into the stream."

"Maybe we can cut a couple of cypress knees to take back," David added. "They make great lamp bases when they're polished."

"Okay," Beau answered with renewed enthusiasm. "That's a good idea."

Gingerly, they walked on, mindful of their mother's warning of quicksand. As they walked, they absorbed the atmosphere of the Dragon, which now completely surrounded them.

It was a strange and beautiful place. The eeriness of the forest with its tall stately trees, linked together with gnarled and twisted vines and draped with graying, hanging moss, sent shivers down their spines. The shrill call of birds from one to another, the chattering of squirrels and the cracking of twigs underfoot combined with the sighing of the wind through the foliage to make this a place strange beyond description. There was an air of mystery about this wilderness they'd never known before. Inside, they were a bit afraid, but to boys of twelve there is a certain excitement in this kind of fear. Together they trudged on, gradually working their way closer to the swamp itself.

Soon it was in plain view. There was a complete stillness here, broken only by the sound of the swirling water. The banks of the stream were covered with bright green moss. Tall cypress trees rose from the water, surrounded by knees of different sizes.

David suggested they move in closer and cut a couple of knees. Withdrawing a saw and hatchet from their bag of tools, he started forward. His right foot sank quickly into the mud, almost up to the hip. He let out a shriek and Beau grabbed his hand and pulled him out. They both collapsed in a heap on the ground.

"Oh golly, I thought I'd gotten in some quicksand," David gasped, with a nervous laugh.

"Naw, just some soft mud," Beau con-



soled, "but we'd better be more careful."

Rising to their feet, they approached the water's edge even more carefully, and selected a cypress knee that was convenient for cutting. The saw proved more effective than the hatchet, and the first trophy was soon in the bag. They cut a second knee and then decided to do a little more exploring before loading themselves down with cypress. After all, those knees weren't the lightest things to lug through the woods.

Heading downstream, the boys came to an almost impassable thicket. Vines were so entwined that they had to crawl beneath them on hands and knees. Beau led the way and David followed, dragging the bag of equipment.

As he crawled along, Beau caught a glimpse of something moving up ahead. He paused for a moment to study the situation. Must've been my imagination, he thought, and moved on slowly. At just that instant, something *did* move. A mother skunk and her brood had been down to the stream for water. On sighting the intruders, the little animal was quick to take up the defense. Getting between her babies and Beau, she stood her guard. First she menacingly arched her back and then took a stance for which Beau needed no explanation, he knew what would come. Going into a quick reverse, he bumped right into David, who crouched paralyzed.

"Let's get out of here," Beau shouted. Stumbling and falling, the boys scrambled for the nearest exit. Neither vines nor anything else impeded their flight. They just seemed to cut a path right through the dense forest. But their retreat was hasty and confused. A bend in the stream deceived them. They were headed deeper into the woods.

When at last they stopped for breath, they looked around to get their bearings. Nothing seemed familiar.

"Dave," Beau said hesitantly, "I think we're lost. I don't think we came this way."

"I don't either," David agreed. "But all the trees look the same to me. We've moved away from the stream, but I can't understand why we haven't come to the clearing."

"Lost or not, I'm hungry," Beau stated. "Let's sit here on this log and eat."

David took the lunch from the bag he had dragged throughout their flight, and the two boys forgot their predicament momentarily to enjoy the fried chicken and cold biscuits their mother had packed that morning.

As they sat munching their food, Beau looked up through the trees at the sun.

"Look, Dave," Beau pointed. "The sun always moves toward the west. When we're at home, where does it usually set?"

"Over the Dragon," David concurred. Then he brightened. "So if we go in the







opposite direction, we should be heading back home."

With lighter hearts, the boys finished their lunch, picked up their bag and started off toward the east.

They walked for hours, but still found no opening in the dense forest. The sun was getting lower and lower, and the boys became more and more uneasy. Their thoughts turned to home and their parents. If they weren't home for supper, their father would go over to the Rogers, and when they found out they were not there they'd start a search. And if and when they got home, there'd be trouble.

When the sun finally disappeared over the western woods, and darkness closed down on the Dragon, Beau and David were truly afraid, although they would never admit it to each other.

"What are we going to do? Walk all night?" David inquired, with a catch in his throat.

"No. We're bound to find an opening before long," Beau was reassuring. "But if we don't, we'll just sleep under a tree until morning."

"But I want to get home," David pro-

tested, glancing over his shoulder.

"So do I," Beau agreed, "so we'd better keep on walking, for a while anyway."

Finally they came upon a narrow path in the woods. Seen but dimly in the blackness, it seemed wider than a deer trail. Evidently it was used quite often. Their footsteps quickened as they approached a clearing. They stopped short at what they saw, then cautiously crept out into the open.

Standing in the center of the clearing was a cabin. A light flickered dimly through the windows and smoke came from the rough brick chimney. Slowly Beau and David made their way closer, careful not to make any noise. There was no sound from within, but as they edged their way up to a window and peered over the ledge, they saw an old man sitting in a rocker before an open fireplace, puffing on a corn-cob pipe.

His hair was gray and long, curling up on the edge of his shirt collar. His beard was bushy and untrimmed, and he wore an antique pair of horn-rimmed glasses atop his long, thin nose. He had on a pair of over-sized overalls and a

tattered blue denim shirt. On his feet were scuffed-up, high-top shoes. He just seemed to be sitting, rocking back and forth and thinking.

"Who is he?" David questioned, in a low whisper.

"I don't know," Beau answered. "It could be the old hermit Mama talked about, but I've never seen him."

"Shall we knock on the door?" David inquired.

"Maybe he could help us find our way out of these woods," Beau rationalized. "Don't guess it would do any harm."

"Wait!" David warned, and the boys quickly scampered around the corner of the house.

The old man had risen from his chair and was coming out of the cabin. Beau and David backed up close to the house and watched and waited. The old man walked out into the yard and looked around, still puffing on his pipe. He stopped for a moment and just listened. Everything was still, except for an occasional bird call in the distance. He turned and slowly ambled back into the cabin, shutting the door behind him.





"Phew," breathed Beau, "that was a close one. Guess he must have heard us."

"Well, we're not prowlers," David remarked emphatically. "Let's knock on the door. It's getting late."

Bravely the two boys strode up to the weather-beaten old door and pounded a few times. There was a sound of footsteps from within, then the door opened slowly, and the old man looked down at Beau and David.

"Well, who have we here?" he asked in a kindly voice, which took them completely unawares.

Groping for words, Beau finally stammered, "Beau and David James, sir. We're lost and thought maybe you could help us find our way home."

"Sure enough boys, but come in first and warm yourselves by the fire. Nights are a little chilly down here on the Dragon."

The boys stepped across the threshold into the cabin.

"Don't have many visitors out here," the old man remarked. "Just an occasional hunter who loses his way and stops by for directions. I don't get out very often either. Got most everything

I need right here in these woods."

By now, Beau and David were sitting on the hearth, close to the fire.

"Say your names is James?" the old man asked thoughtfully.

"Yes, sir. I'm Beau and this is my twin brother, David," Beau answered.

"Be any relation to Aubrey James?"

Brightening, David replied, "Yes, sir. He's our father. You know him?"

"Ain't seen Aubrey for quite a spell, but I used to know him. Know'd his father, too. Land sakes, didn't know Aubrey had two sprites the size of you. Time sure does fly."

"What's your name, sir?" Beau asked.

"Robbie... Robbie Seawell," the old man answered. "Course lots of people call me 'the wilderness man' because I stay out here in the Dragon."

"Our mother has spoken of you, sir," Beau remarked. "But she said that folks believed you had passed away."

Old Robbie laughed heartily. "Land sakes alive. People sure can spread wild stories." He was amused by Beau's statement. "Just 'cause a fellow don't get into town too often, they've got him dead and buried. No, son. As you can

see for yourself, I'm very much alive."

"I think I'd like to live out here," David remarked thoughtfully.

"I like it," old Robbie confided. "Lived here for almost forty years. Can't say, 'by myself' because I'd be overlooking the dumb critters. I got company everywhere. The fish and the game. I know them all. I've lived with them so many years, that's how I know. It would take me twelve months to tell you all I've learned of the ways of wildlife." He took a pull at his pipe. "By the way, how'd you two boys get in these woods?"

Beau went on to tell old Robbie of how they had looked for the Rogers boys in the Dragon and gotten lost.

The old man listened to the story, his eyes twinkling, then said, "I started coming in these woods as a youngster. I slept more than one night lost in here. By my teens, I knew it all. And a growing chap that's active in mind, when he loves the nature of wildlife, never forgets what he learns."

"Weren't you scared of getting caught by the dragon?" David inquired.

"What dragon?" old Robbie questioned.

"The beast that lives in the swamp," David went on. "The one that almost got Mr. Frary a long time ago."

"Oh, that dragon," old Robbie chuckled to himself. "Yes I did hear that tale of how the swamp got its name. Guess everyone in these parts has at one time or another. But I never gave it much thought, and as long as I've lived here the old monster has never shown his hide to me."

"And I hope he never does," Beau added.

"That's a story-book kind of legend," Robbie went on. "But the real legends come from the animals themselves. For example, do you know why it is that wild turkeys never sit two on the same limb? Tame ones will, you know, but not wild ones. They did once, but in the old days, before the hunters had guns, somebody started another method of getting turkeys. When he spotted a limb where a lot of them roosted, he split it and then put little pegs between the halves to hold them apart. The birds perched there that night and got to pecking at each other and loosened those pegs. And the limb closed on their feet. The hunter got them all next morning. Other people tried it. So, the next year, and ever after, the turkeys just sat one to a limb."

"That all happened long before my day, of course," he continued. "But it makes sense. It shows the way instinct works in the wild creatures."

As old Robbie finished his tale, David broke in.

"Mr. Seawell, I guess we'd better get going. It's getting pretty late and I know our folks are going to be mighty upset."

"Land sakes, boys, forgive old



Robbie," he apologized. "I don't have many callers, as I said before, and I always talk too much whenever visitors drop in."

"We've enjoyed it very much," Beau confided.

"Before you get going, boys," Robbie invited, "how about a bite of supper?"

The pangs of hunger had set in and David was quick to accept for both, adding, "I don't guess it would make much difference if we stayed a little longer."

"Got some catfish and cresey salad right over here on the stove, and some good old corn bread. I'll just stick it in the oven for a few minutes."

Beau and David looked at each other. They'd never eaten catfish before, but hungry as they were at this moment, who could be choosy? As old Robbie busied himself with the food, he went on with his stories.

"Take your bass. Now there's a fish with instinct. I was fishing a hole around a stump today for these catfish and something kept moving my cork away. Then I spied at least a peck of little chub no longer than my finger ganged round that stump. The mother bass kept circling it, bumping my hook away so they wouldn't get caught. Ain't that smart?"

"Guess animals and fish *are* pretty smart, if you come right down to it," David remarked.

"They sure are, boy," old Robbie went on. "Don't ever underestimate 'em."

By now, the food was hot. The boys took seats on the hand-hewn bench at the table.

"Dive in, boys," Robbie urged. "There's plenty more where that came from."

They ate heartily and cleaned their plates—an obvious compliment to their host and his cooking. Afterwards they volunteered to do the dishes and help clean up before getting on their way.

"Mr. Seawell, how did you ever come to live down here in the Dragon?" Beau asked.

"Well boys, that was a long time ago," he replied. "I was once a farmer but doctors advised me to give up farming on account of my health, so I moved down here to get myself back in shape. That was about 1917, and I've been here ever since. There was a woman once—a fine woman—and I was engaged to marry her, long before I quit my farming. But she had a sudden change of heart, I guess." He went on, "She married someone else. Sorta hard to take when it happened, but then, time heals everything."

"Don't you get lonesome sometimes, Mr. Seawell?" Beau asked quietly.

"How can you get lonesome with all your friends of the forest around? I'll tell you something you'll say was impossible, but it was the most wonderful thing I ever witnessed in wildlife. I

spied a squirrel out here one June morning, picking up pieces of walnuts I'd dropped and carrying 'em down in the woods.

"I figured she had some young ones. And I got some nuts and tried to get her to come for 'em, but she just scurried round the tree and barked at me. So I left 'em in the doorway and she carried 'em off. Two mornings later, when she came begging, I said to her, 'Betty'—by then I'd named her—'if you want some nuts, go bring your babies here.' And after a while she came leading the six of 'em. They were so small she'd have to stop and wait, but they came. I gave her some nuts, and she opened one for each and then ate one herself. I said, 'That's enough now, Betty, take your babies home.' And she did."

"It was so hot that night I left my door open. When I woke up next morning that squirrel was sitting on my knee barking at me. She'd brought those babies and I fed them. And do you know, in thirty days I had thirty-five squirrels out here to feed every morning. I could take the old ones in my hands—wild squirrels, mind you. And more kept coming from everywhere. Almost broke me, feeding those squirrels. Finally had to lock myself in the house till they stopped coming. Still, there's a group of 'em that comes around every morning." He chuckled to himself. "Things sort of went too far that time."

"Well, Mr. Seawell, guess it's about time to start home," David reminded as he picked up their bag of tools. "If you'll point the way, we'll start."

"Sure boys," old Robbie remarked. "Guess I sorta got wound up again. Hope I didn't keep you all too long."

"No sir. We've enjoyed our visit and that supper was mighty fine." David went on, "Hope you'll let us come back some day."

"Any time boys, any time. It's kinda dark outside for you boys to be hitting the trail alone. Maybe I should go with you to the edge of the woods."

"We don't want to put you to any trouble," Beau apologized.

"No trouble at all, boys. Glad to do it. And on the way you might like to stop for a minute and watch those busy beavers at work."

Beau and David nodded an enthusiastic approval. Old Robbie slipped on a coat and the three of them headed up the path from the house. Soon they approached a branch of the swamp.

"Quiet now boys," old Robbie warned. "Don't want to disturb our little friends. On spring nights like this they're working on their dams."

The stillness of the night was broken by the sounds of a rhythmic "clickup, clickup."

"They're up in that tree over there. They work right up to the top, their sharp teeth clipping off a limb with

each click," old Robbie went on.

Beau and David squinted hard to see.

"Two of 'em can cut down a tree as big around as my leg. Look over there," old Robbie pointed, as they crouched behind some bushes. "They're working on felling a tree now."

In the stream of moonlight Beau and David saw two beavers chomping away at the base of a tree trunk, and doing a very thorough job. In a short while, there was a cracking noise and the tree started to sway.

"Don't move, boys," Robbie warned. "She'll fall the other way."

With that, the tree went crashing to the ground.

"It's a sight when three beavers take a 30-foot log in their mouths and carry it to the stream. Then one dives with the sharpened end and the other two stay above and work the other end back and forth until it's solid below. And the way they plaster—one puts the mud on another's tail and that one wipes it on, slick and solid," he continued. "But that would keep us here all night and I know you gotta be on your way."

Once more the three of them hit the trail. Before long they had reached the edge of the forest, and a dirt road that led back to the main highway.

"Well boys, I'll leave you here," Robbie said. "You'll be home in no time. And tell your folks for old Robbie not to be too hard on you."

"Goodbye, Mr. Seawell—and thanks again," called Beau as they headed down the road.

"Yes sir, Mr. Seawell, and if you ever get out to the village, come by and see us," David chimed in.

"Thanks, boys. You never can tell," he said.

All the way home, Beau and David talked of their day in the Dragon, and of old Robbie. They tried not to think of what awaited them at home. Until they had to face their parents, they were going to enjoy this day to its fullest.

When they reached the house, they hesitated for a moment before going in.

"Guess we might as well face 'em," Beau remarked.

"Guess so," David agreed, as they slowly opened the front door.

"Mama," called Beau. "We're home." Another voice, a familiar one, answered.

"I'm in the kitchen."

It was Grandma Boen.

Beau and David hurried into the kitchen, where they found the old lady sitting in the rocker by the stove, reading.

"Where have you boys been?" she scolded.

"Exploring," David answered cautiously. "Where are Mama and Dad?"

"Your father had to go up to Richmond on business and your mother decided to ride along. She called and





asked me to come by and stay here till she got home."

The boys were completely taken back, but very much relieved.

"I'll bet you all haven't had a bite of supper," she went on.

"Oh yes, Grandma," David answered. "We've had supper."

"Oh? And where have you been until this hour?" she asked sternly.

"We've been in the Dragon," Beau exclaimed proudly.

"The Dragon!" She was shocked.

"Yes, Grandma. We know we shouldn't have, but we went there looking for Mr. Rogers and the boys and we got lost," David admitted, "so we did a little exploring."

"Well, as long as you're back safe and sound, and you didn't go in there on purpose, I guess it's all right," Grandma Boen said, "but you know how your parents feel about that swamp."

The twins threw their arms around her neck and hugged her.

"But—" she added emphatically,

"you must promise never to go in there again unless you go with someone who knows that swamp. It can be mighty dangerous."

"We'll promise that, Grandma," Beau agreed. "Won't we, David?"

Catching the twinkle in his brother's eye, David agreed.

"You see, Grandma," Beau went on, "now we have a friend who lives in the Dragon and any time we want to go exploring, he'll go with us."

"A friend?" Grandma Boen asked in amazement. "In the Dragon?"

"Ever hear of a man named Robbie Seawell?" David asked.

"Robbie Seawell?" she answered in astonishment. "It couldn't be. I heard he had died."

"No, Grandma," David went on. "He's alive. He's been in the Dragon for almost forty years. He told us so."

"Poor Robbie. I knew him a long time ago, and come to think of it, it was about forty years ago. But it seems like only yesterday that he went away."

Grandma Boen wiped away a tear, then continued. "Robbie had a disappointment in love. All of a sudden he up and sold his farm, lock, stock and barrel, and disappeared. Once in a while you'd hear about him. That he was living in the swamp. That he'd gone away. Then the last report was that he'd died. How is he?" she inquired, with deep concern in her voice.

"He's fine, Grandma," David assured.

"And such a good man, Grandma," Beau added. "He seems so happy out there with his animal friends."

Trying to overcome her emotions, Grandma Boen became stern once more.

"Come along, boys. It's way past your bedtime and I know you're both tuckered out. It's been quite a day for you."

Before they headed up the stairs, Beau and David paused to kiss her goodnight. Then Beau concluded happily: "It's been the best day ever!"

\* \* \*





# SCHOOL'S OUT!

by Ed Velarde

Joyous screams fill the air throughout America as boys and girls set aside their books for summer vacation. Walt Disney's Mouseketeers join in the chorus.

School is over. The blackboard has been cleaned. Books are stored; notebooks forgotten. Pencils—and erasers too—have been put away. Summer's here with all the adventurous activities that are fun.

For the Mouseketeers it means fun, too. But it's a different kind, for they'll be dancing and singing and generally "having a ball" in front of the cameras for next season's Mickey Mouse Club TV show.

Like kids their own age everywhere, the Mouseketeers have to study during the school year. At the Disney Studio they attend classes in two big red custom-built trailers. Each classroom is actually a "Little Red Schoolhouse" seating 20 pupils. The Mouseketeers attend school three hours a day and are in the second to the eleventh grades. Their marks are better-than-average. At recess the boys play ball or tag, and the girls exchange girl talk.

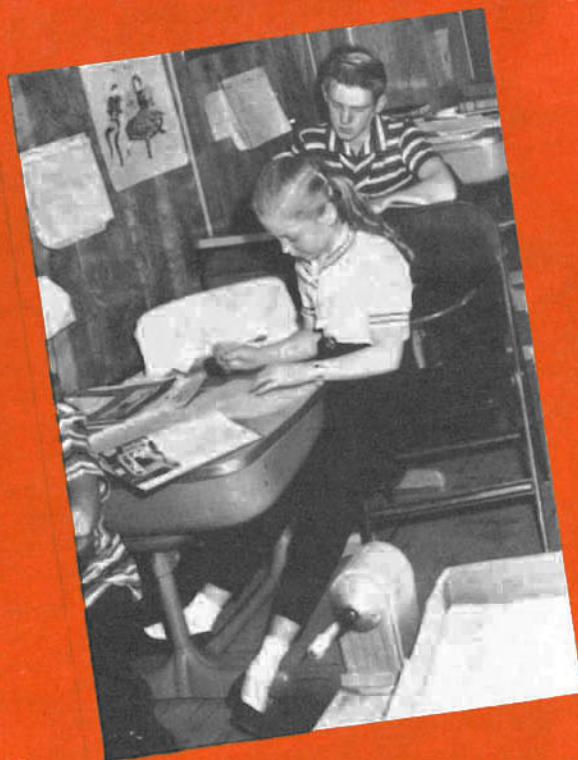
The Mouseketeers love their busy schedule, their trailer school and the lasting friends they are making.







Kevin "Moochie" Corcoran (above) of "Spin and Marty" fame gets help from Mrs. Jean Seaman, Mouseketeer teacher. Special report cards are proudly shown by the Mouseketeers (upper right). Karen Pendleton (below) appears in a studious mood, with David Stollery in the background. Sharon Baird (right) seems hard at work on a lesson.







*Around  
the World  
with  
Mickey Mouse:*

# SAMOA

by Annette Funicello and Tommy Kirk

IF YOU LOOK up Samoa in the encyclopedia, you'll find that it is a group of islands about 1,600 miles east of New Zealand and about 2,200 miles south of Hawaii. It is mostly rocky and has a tropical climate, with lots of rainfall. All this is very true, but it doesn't really give you an idea of how beautiful Samoa is, with its green forests, sparkling mountain streams and blue ocean. Recently we had some films on Samoa which we showed to our friends. After seeing how Samoan boys and girls live, it's a wonder everyone doesn't want to go there.

First of all, Samoans love to swim. They spend so much time in the water that it seems they're more at home there than on dry land. As babies, they learn that water is a thing to be enjoyed. By the time they're able to walk they're frisky as minnows in water.

When we saw the moving picture of the Samoan boys and girls going to school, we really began to get the idea of what a marvelous place Samoa is. The kids can *swim* to school if they want to, and no one cares. Some of the boys and girls come to school in outrigger canoes. The school is open on all sides to the outdoors—it's just a thatched roof, actually. And when recess comes, everyone jumps in the lagoon for a quick dip.

The Samoans can make games out of everything. They make a game out of cleaning their schoolhouse—which they do themselves once a week—and even out of cooking meals. By the way, in Samoa all the cooking is done by the men or the boys.

Best of all, Samoans love music and dancing. They make their own musical instruments from almost anything and often when two or more of them get together, you will see a "Fia Fia." This is the Samoan word for a dance. It means "happy time."



Illustration by PAUL HARTLEY





*Samoan boys and girls go to school, just as we do. But the Samoan schools are different from our schools. Students sit on the floor in open-air classrooms and they use small, short-legged writing desks.*



*Samoans have a natural sense of rhythm, and can make musical instruments out of almost anything. An old bottle wrapped in a mat makes a fine drum.*



*For generations, young Samoans have been sliding down this mountain waterfall into a pool below. Samoan children learn to swim as naturally as they learn to walk.*



*These boys are playing a popular game called "automobiles." The long sticks, or "steering wheels," are used to push the wooden cars along. They don't look like the models in the Soap Box Derby, but these automobiles make fine racers.*



*There's a lagoon right next to the schoolhouse, and at recess the students can take time for a swim.*





## YOU CAN BE A JUGGLER

by Stan Lee Jones

The conquering warriors of Cortez expected spears and arrows to greet them as they marched boldly on the castle of Mexico's emperor Montezuma four centuries ago. But no weapons appeared. Instead, the Spanish soldiers were welcomed by the emperor's clowns who entertained them with feats of juggling. Montezuma loved and encouraged sport, which was actually a part of the Aztec's pagan ceremonies.

The Greeks, Romans and many Asiatics had also practiced juggling which helped develop good eyesight, timing and muscular coordination.

Juggling was introduced to Europe when groups of vagabond singers

called "jongleurs" found that tricks drew more applause from villagers than did songs. Eventually, all the jongleurs became expert at tossing, catching and balancing. We have called such men "jugglers" ever since.

Today many professional jugglers can toss and catch as many as ten or twelve balls at a time. Others spin plates and hoops or flip Indian clubs while riding a one-wheeled cycle. You may never become a professional juggler, but you can learn the simpler tricks of juggling if you practice regularly in your own room or yard.

Almost any boy or girl of school age can learn to juggle. W.C. Fields, the late movie comedian and one of America's greatest jugglers, was only twelve years old when he became a

good juggler. Before he was twenty he had toured the world and entertained millions with his tricks.

You don't need a lot of expensive equipment. Buy three or four lightweight rubber balls to begin with. They should all be the same size and fit easily into the palm of your hand, so they are easy to catch.

The first thing you must learn is how to toss and catch a ball equally well with either hand. It is wise to spend several days just tossing one ball up and catching it in either hand to get the "feel" of the ball.

It is also important to learn how to make the arms, hands and shoulders move in a relaxed manner, so that rhythm will be developed and "timing" will be learned. Timing is the ability to make your muscles do exactly what you want them to do at exactly the split-second you want them to do it. It is the most important part of juggling—just as it is the most important part of any sport.

Next you must learn how to throw a ball from the right hand to the left hand while passing a second ball from the left hand to the right hand. Later you may learn to toss three balls from hand to hand, and to juggle two balls with one hand.

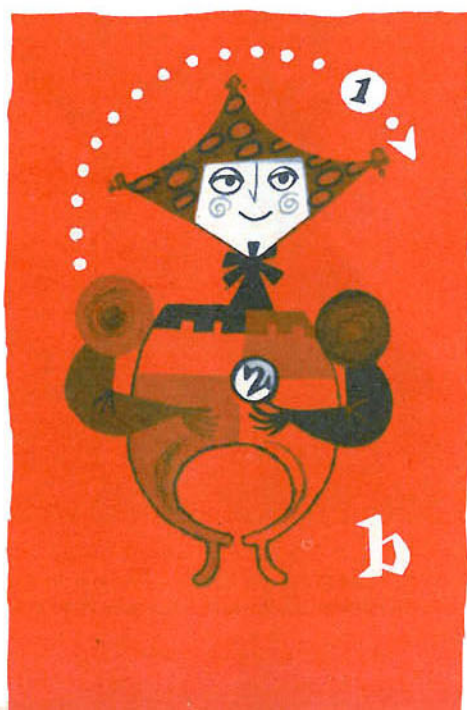
Before you begin, here are a few important things to keep in mind:

Keep your back to the sun or lamp while juggling; never practice in a place where you might break anything, like a vase or a window; never leave the rubber balls on the floor when you are through practicing.

*Practice, practice, practice!*



a



b



c



### *Juggling two balls with two hands*

1. Hold one ball in each hand. Toss the one in your right hand into the air and slightly to your left in a circular motion. The ball should not go more than two feet above your head.

2. While the first ball is still in the air, transfer the second ball from your left hand to your right hand by passing it, not by tossing it. Keep trying this until the two balls seem to go into the air in a circular motion while your hands rotate at the wrists.

\* \* \*

### *Juggling three balls with two hands*

This is done the same way as with two balls, but you begin with two balls in the right hand and one in the left. Toss one of the balls in the right hand up and to the left, then follow it with the second ball. Then pass the third ball from the left hand to the right hand.

\* \* \*

### *Juggling two balls with one hand*

Begin with both balls in your right hand if you are "right-handed." One ball should rest in your fingers, the other in the heel of your hand. The ball in your fingers should be thrown into the air first. Then toss the other ball as the first comes back to your hand. Catch the first ball, toss it, then catch the second ball and toss it. Remember to toss the balls in a slightly circular motion so that they will not bump into each other in the air. If you learn to juggle two balls with either the right or the left hand, you will then be able to juggle four balls at once by juggling two in each hand at the same time!



*Illustrated by GLORIA WOOD*







# So you want to have a garden?...

by Dick Huemer

So you want to have a garden? Well, first you must start with dirt—or earth, as some people call it. Any amount will do, from a pot to a plot. But the more you have, of course, the more fun you'll have (and the more trouble, too).

Let's say you've decided on the right-size plot of dirt, or earth. The next thing is to give some thought to the kind of crop you wish to plant. Flowers are nice, but you can't eat them. On the other hand, you can eat vegetables, but they don't look too well in a bouquet on the table. Rather than cause trouble and confusion right at the start, if you are in doubt, plant both.

There are many, many vegetables and they all look fine, especially in the pictures on the seed packages. They sound fine, too—*Salsify*, *Rutabaga*—but why plant something you can't pronounce? And don't let those fancy names fool you. You can't beat an ordinary radish for taste. That's what you'll probably end up with anyway—radishes. They grow fast and it's all over with very quickly.

On the other hand, watermelons take forever. You can waste an awful lot of good playing time just sitting and watching a watermelon grow. The more you watch it, the less it seems to grow. Incidentally, it's not advisable to plant watermelon if you have only a little flower pot to work with.

As for flowers, some thrive in the shade, some in the sun, and some just seem to resent the whole idea and refuse to grow, no matter what you do.

The pictures of the flowers on the seed packages look even prettier than the pictures of the vegetables. It might be a good idea to place each empty seed package on a stick in the row where you've planted the seeds. That way you'll be able to recognize them when they grow up—if they grow up. But once all your seeds are planted, be they flower or vegetable, your "growing pains" will begin. Get ready for the invasion.

Some plants are for the bugs and some are for the birds. You'll be lucky if any are left for *you*. The hardest, the ones that seem to outstrip all the others, the greenest, strongest, the ones with the most brilliant future—these are weeds. You must harden your heart. These have to go or there will be no room in the bed for the invited guests.

But don't be discouraged. Even if your whole crop is only one single wizened radish, it will be the best radish you have ever tasted. You raised it yourself, and you had a hand in a miracle—the great miracle of life.

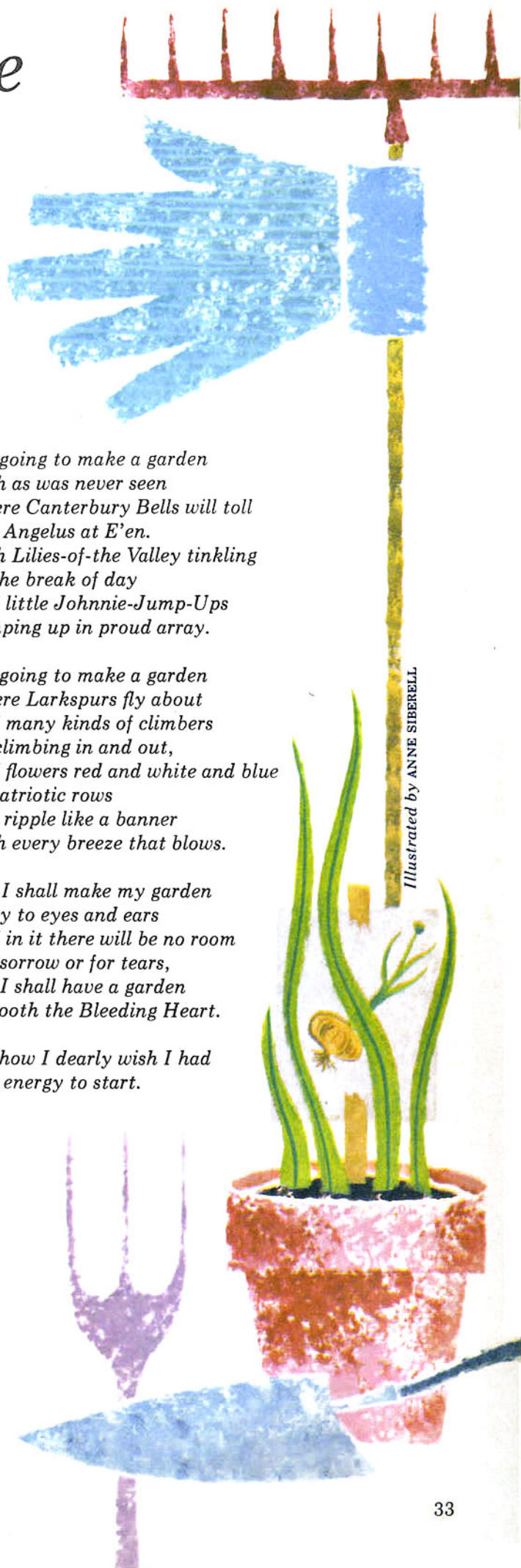
And, even if the worst comes to the worst and you lose your entire crop, you've learned something. You've had a rich experience—and there's always next year. And, remember, if you can't have a garden, maybe you can write poems and things about gardening. Something like the one on this page, perhaps—

*I'm going to make a garden  
Such as was never seen  
Where Canterbury Bells will toll  
The Angelus at E'en.  
With Lilies-of-the Valley tinkling  
At the break of day  
And little Johnnie-Jump-Ups  
Jumping up in proud array.*

*I'm going to make a garden  
Where Larkspurs fly about  
And many kinds of climbers  
Go climbing in and out,  
And flowers red and white and blue  
In patriotic rows  
Will ripple like a banner  
With every breeze that blows.*

*Yes, I shall make my garden  
A joy to eyes and ears  
And in it there will be no room  
For sorrow or for tears,  
For I shall have a garden  
To sooth the Bleeding Heart.*

*Oh, how I dearly wish I had  
The energy to start.*







# COOKING BY CAMPFIRE

Now summer begins, and the long vacation that means days spent out of doors in the sun and air, running and climbing, playing and exploring the neighborhood and the countryside. And what can be more fun in this time of leisure, blue sky and green grass than a cook-out?

If you're not used to cooking by campfire, better start out simply. Hot dogs are less expensive than steaks, and it's almost impossible to ruin them. All you need to grill a frank over an open fire is a long, rather heavy wire. Skewer this through the center of your





frankfurter, hold the frank over the fire (no, not right in the flame—there's no sense in burning it before it's cooked) and when the skin splits you've cooked it. Pop it into a roll, slather it with mustard or relish (both? well, all right) and eat it. You'll find that even very simple foods like hot dogs have a special wonderful flavor when you cook them outdoors, by campfire.

Of course, after a while you won't be satisfied with just hot dogs. You'll want to go on to bigger and better things. That's when you can really plan a picnic feast for your whole family. That will make Mom especially happy, because it means no toiling in a hot kitchen and no dishes to wash, but after a day in the open air *everyone* is sure to enjoy hamburgers (or steaks, if you're feeling

wealthy) and sweet corn cooked over charcoal. Don't worry about getting any elaborate barbecue equipment. A simple, one-piece grill can be bought in almost any hardware store, and works like a charm when you balance it across your charcoal fire on a couple of rocks. If you're going to have hamburgers you'll need a frying pan, too, but for cooking steaks just the grill will do the trick.

To prepare your corn, strip the husks down and remove all the silk. Then replace the husks and wrap the ear of corn in aluminum foil. Just before you twist the top of the foil to close it, pour a little water into the aluminum "package." Then, when you put the corn on the grill, the water will steam and cook it.

Unless you like your meat *really* charred, it won't take as long to cook

as the corn, so put it on after the corn is pretty well along (about fifteen minutes along). Brown it nicely on one side, then turn and grill until it is done to your taste.

If you're cooking in the open, beans are easier to have than potatoes. Most of the canned, ready-to-heat-and-eat beans are delicious, and all you have to do is place them in a saucepan and warm them up.

When your food is ready, serve it in paper picnic plates (no dishwashing allowed) and listen to your family rave about it.

A few words of warning:

When you're ready to leave, make sure your fire is out.

Don't leave paper and other litter behind. The next family to use the picnic spot will want to find it as neat and clean as when you arrived.





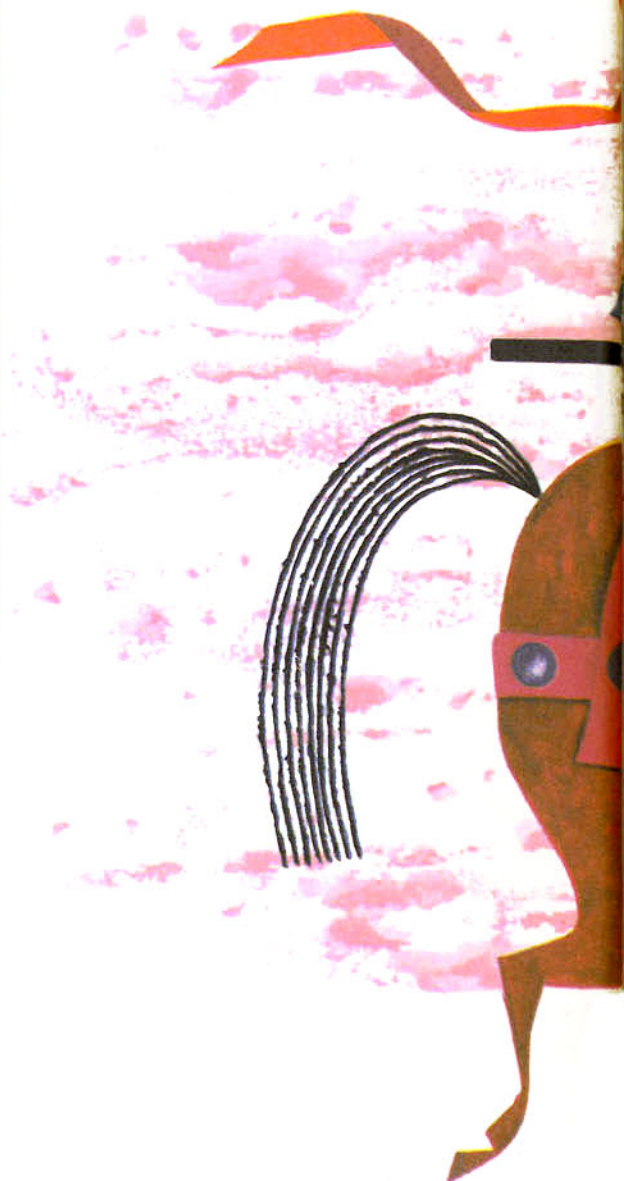
*Boys and girls wait for their turn on the big King Arthur Carrousel.*



*The scene around the carrousel is gay as a medieval fair.*



*In the evening the carrousel spins in a dizzy, colorful whirl of light patterns.*



Nearly everyone has ridden a merry-go-round or carrousel, but not everyone knows that this pleasant amusement traces its beginnings way back to the days when knighthood was in flower. Indeed, the word carrousel comes from an old, old Italian word meaning "little war"—or tournament.

In the days of good King Arthur, the most exciting thing that could happen was a tournament. Medieval knights and ladies would travel on horseback for miles and miles to attend one of these "little wars." For in times of peace, the tournament was the only chance a knight had to show off his fighting skill. And it was the only chance a lady had to meet with other ladies and talk about the things ladies have always talked about—fashions and babies and births and weddings and sweethearts. Then, too, a tournament gave both men and women an opportunity to wear their finest silks and velvets, their brightest jewels and their most costly furs.

There was only one thing wrong with tournaments. When the knights mounted their steeds and charged one another with lances or drawn swords, they sometimes were hurt. Occasionally, even though the warfare was all make-believe and the contestants were protected by heavy armor, a knight would be killed in a





# king arthur *and the* carrousel

*by John Conner*

tournament. At last the nobles began to think they were paying too high a price for this most popular of sports. They were sure of this when a French king lost his life in a tournament.

Unwilling to give up their wonderful game altogether, they gradually changed the nature of the contests at the tournament. Instead of hacking at each other with swords and lances, the knights gave elaborate demonstrations of their skill as horsemen.

In one of the contests a metal ring was used—a ring quite similar to those brass rings you can still try to spear with your finger on some merry-go-rounds today. It was much more difficult to catch a small ring on the point of a lance at full gallop than to hit a large, armored knight riding full tilt on an enormous horse. And it was safer too since the small brass ring could be depended upon not to hit back.

The English called this game “tilting at the quintain” and gave handsome prizes to the best tilters.

As competition became keener, it was necessary to practice more. Royalty was especially sensitive about the prowess of princes. So someone hit on a novel plan—a tournament trainer!

This trainer consisted of a tall post with a series of wooden arms that extended out like the spokes of a

great wheel. These arms supported wooden horses dangling from them on ropes. And the wooden horses, in turn, supported the young princes who needed to brush up on their tilting skill. The whole marvelous device was pushed around and around by two servants, while the young princes tried to spear a ring with miniature lances.

But how did this nobleman’s device become the plaything of the common man? It seems that a Paris toymaker attended one of Louis XVI’s fabulous tournaments. He was so entranced with what he had seen that he fashioned a new toy with tiny wooden horses, cats and dogs that revolved around an axis. Neighborhood children fell in love with the toy. About 1700, models were made large enough so that the children could ride the wooden horses. After that, carrousels were popping up all over Europe.

The merry-go-round was brought to this country during the early 1800’s by Michael Dentzel, a famous manufacturer of carrousels. The King Arthur Carrousel at Disneyland was made by the Dentzels. It is big enough to carry 72 horses and riders, and like the horses in the tournaments of old, these wooden steeds are so spirited and handsome that even King Arthur and his brave knights would have enjoyed riding them.





## THE LIBERTY TREE...by *Tom Blackburn*

The American colonies, in 1765, were much like an American school of today, if we talk in terms of what we now call "spirit." The men and women—and the boys and girls—were very proud that they belonged to Massachusetts or New York or Virginia. Each was sure that his colony was the very best. Each was sure his colony offered more opportunity and more freedom and more liberty than any other.

Whenever citizens of different colonies got together, they had noisy arguments and even quarrels, with a great deal of shouting and exaggerated claims, which they called oratory. But it was all good-natured, for they were actually just proud of the place in which

they lived, and they couldn't help boasting about it.

Over in England, certain ministers in the Parliament didn't understand this. They thought the American colonists were bad-natured trouble-makers who could not get along with themselves or with anyone else. They believed these trouble-makers needed a strong government from outside to keep them in order. And they believed some of the boasting they heard about. For instance, they believed the American colonists had more money than they knew what to do with.

This wasn't true, of course. It was just that the colonists were so proud of their colony that New Yorkers claimed to be more wealthy than Bostonians, and Vir-



ginians claimed to be more wealthy than anyone. Naturally, hearing these boasts in England, Parliament decided the American colonies were a good place to collect the taxes it needed so badly.

This was a dreadful mistake, for the taxes were levied against all of the colonies, not just against one. The colonists immediately stood together. Down in Virginia, Patrick Henry stood up in meeting and shouted against the taxes, saying: "If this be treason, make the most of it!" In New York, they simply threw the tax collectors in the harbor. And up in Boston, a great lawyer named James Otis invented a motto: "Taxation without representation is tyranny!"

English speaking peoples have always liked mottoes, and the American colonists liked this one. The people of Boston liked it especially well. The men of the town, especially the young men and boys, built a kind of club around it. They called this club the "Sons of Liberty," and they became known throughout Massachusetts as the Liberty Boys.

Like any club of fun-loving young people, the Sons of Liberty needed a clubhouse, a place to meet. Naturally, Parliament officers in Boston would not let them use public buildings, such as the State House or Faneuil Hall. In fact, the Parliament officers tried very hard to pretend the Liberty Boys did not even exist. This was their second serious mistake.

The Liberty Boys chose an open-air place to assemble, with the sky for a ceiling, where any who wished could come and join in their singing and listen to the good advice of such patriots as James Otis and Sam Adams and Paul Revere. The place they chose was a large, wooded enclosure near the Boston Common at the corner of the present Washington and Essex Streets. Within this enclosure was a small grove of old elm trees. The largest and oldest of these — already more than a hundred years old — was the center of this meeting place. There was ample room about this tree for thousands of people to gather. They named the elm grove "Liberty Hall," and the old grandfather tree in its center became known as the "Liberty Tree."

This old elm managed to cause more trouble for Parliament than any tree in English history. About the first thing the Liberty Boys did under it was to hold a mock hanging. In secret and at night they hanged two effigies from one of the stout limbs. One of these effigies represented Andrew Oliver, who had been appointed the tax collector for Boston. The other effigy was a large boot, out of which a devil was peeping. This boot and the devil doesn't make much sense to us, now, but it was a clever and funny thing to the people of Boston. The reason for this is that the member of Parliament who was supposed to have invented the Stamp Tax was Lord Butte, and everyone enjoyed this play upon his name.

The government officers of Boston were angry over this disrespect, but they really didn't know what to do about it. The Sons of Liberty were a secret organization, and there really weren't enough officers in Boston to arrest every man and boy in the town who were suspected of belonging to the Liberty Boys. To make matters worse, a lot of sweethearts, sisters, wives and mothers were getting interested in the stand the Sons of Liberty were taking against tyranny, so Boston was full of Liberty Girls, too.

There wasn't much the officers could do but drink their tea and growl at each other. This they did, and they growled some more when a great crowd gathered at Liberty Hall the evening after the "hanging." Here the Liberty Boys and Girls took down the effigies which had dangled from the Liberty Tree all day. They solemnly put the effigies into coffins and held a funeral for them. Afterward they had a fine funeral procession through the streets of the town with torches and singing.

People in other towns, and then in other colonies, soon heard of Boston's Liberty Tree and the fruit which grew upon it. Before long other groups of patriots began naming Liberty Trees in their own villages and cities. The Boston Sons of Liberty chose the old grandfather elm in Liberty Hall as the symbol for one side of the Liberty Medals they started wearing to identify themselves. In a short time a dozen different kinds of tree had become Liberty

Trees, and patriots in the colonies had a symbol as well as a motto.

Parliament officers nailed placards up on public buildings, warning the patriots of their treason. Liberty Boys promptly nailed placards up on the Liberty Tree, warning Parliament of its tyranny. Parliament called town meetings to warn the people of Boston what they must and must not do. The Sons of Liberty promptly called meetings under the Liberty Tree to warn Parliament what the free men and women of Boston would and would not do.

Finally Parliament tried to call the bluff of these troublesome colonists. Although repeatedly warned not to do so, they sent three shiploads of unfairly taxed tea into Boston harbor. According to careful plans made under the Liberty Tree, the Liberty Boys assembled and marched quietly down to the wharf. Here, without violence, and with respect for all other property, they threw the chests of tea into the sea. When they were through, they marched back through the streets, singing, and hung hundreds of lamps and lanterns upon the Liberty Tree in celebration. Once again they had told Parliament, in a way all men could understand, that "tyranny is intolerable to free men."

Still Parliament would not listen. As we all know, war came. After the Battle of Lexington and Concord, Parliament's army was driven back into Boston by the Minute Men. These Minute Men were the Liberty Boys of the villages surrounding Boston, who had gathered about their own Liberty Trees when the redcoats marched against them.

These men became General Washington's Continental Army, and they kept the forces of Parliament bottled up in Boston for a long and bitter winter. When the redcoats sailed away and the patriots again entered the streets of the town, they discovered the grove of Liberty Hall and the old grandfather elm had been cut down to provide firewood for the freezing redcoat army.

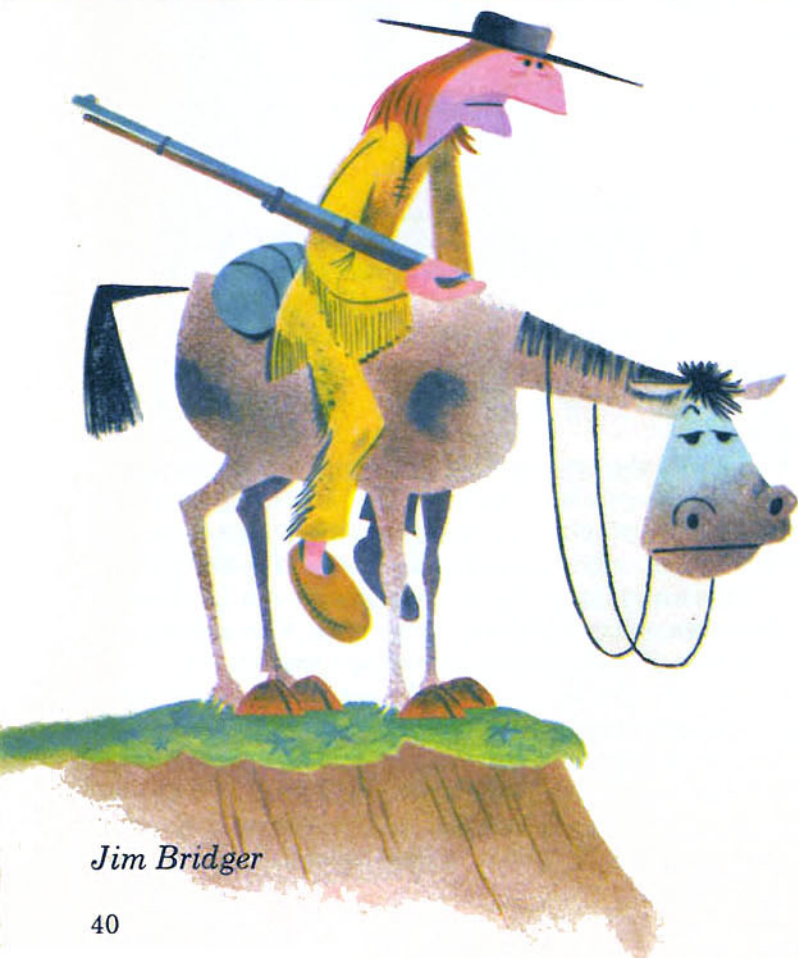
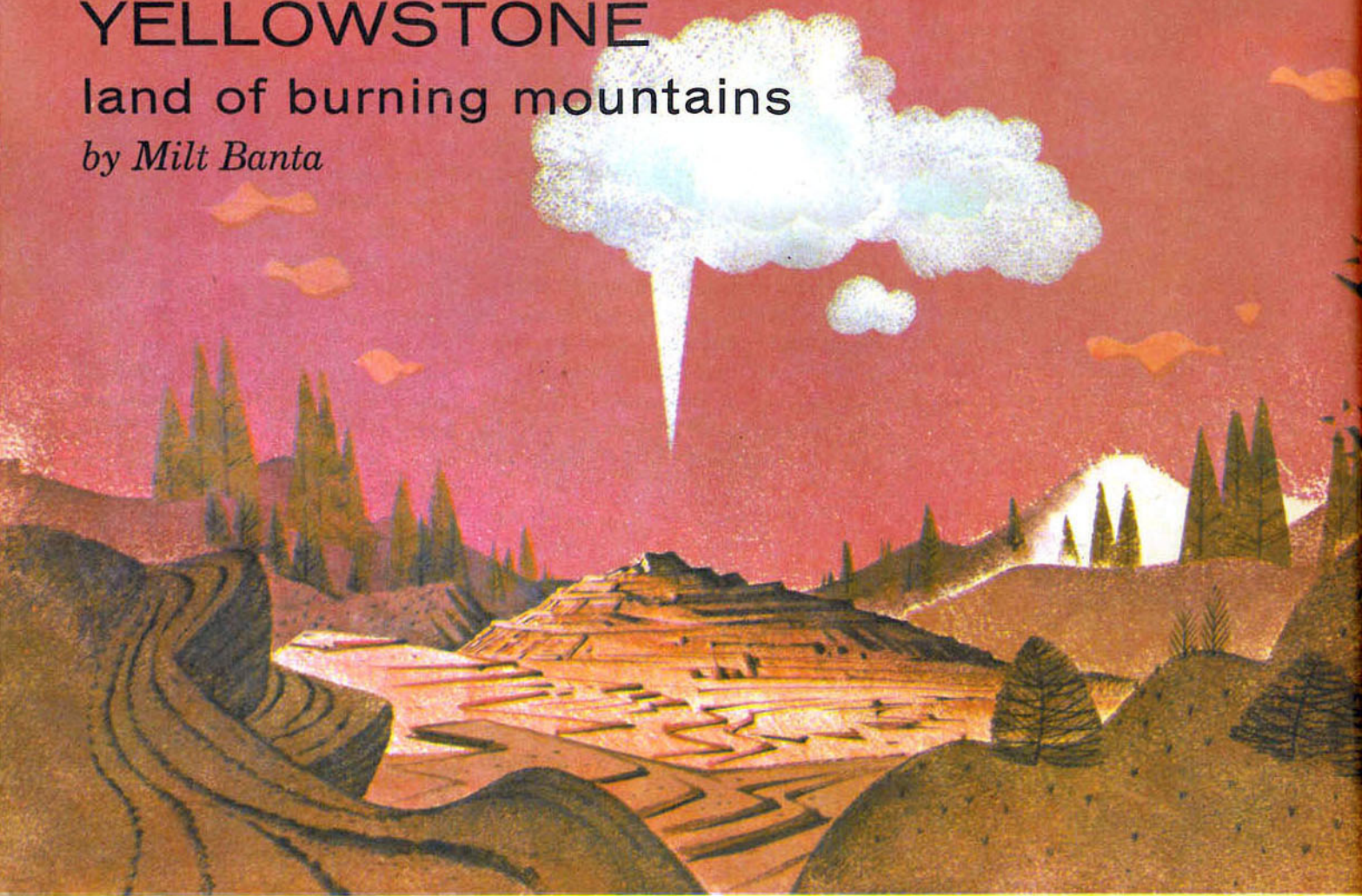
Thus the old elm was gone before the struggle for independence was well begun. But it had become a symbol for Freedom and Liberty, and symbols do not die as long as the ideas behind them live.



# YELLOWSTONE

## land of burning mountains

by Milt Banta



A man had room to grow out on the western frontier—before the towns came in, and the farms and the factories. Sometimes men grew so great, and their fame spread so far, that they became legends in their own time. John Colter was one of these. Folks say that John was chased by hostile Indians once, and he fooled them by hiding under the surface of a deep stream, breathing through a hollow reed.

Now a man who'll keep cool when a pack of redskins are after his scalp will keep cool most anywhere. That's probably a good thing, because Colter needed all his wits about him when he stumbled into Yellowstone.

It was along about 1805 or 1806 that Colter decided to leave the trail and strike out on his own. He walked for nearly 500 miles before he found himself in a valley like no other place he had ever been before.

First, Colter saw a great lake stretching out in front of him. Then he came on huge waterfalls in the midst of a yellow rock chasm. He found springs of scalding water that bubbled right out of the ground, and spectacular geysers and steaming pools of mud. "Land of Burning Mountains" the Indians called the place, and to them it was filled with evil spirits.

Colter went back east and told everyone who would listen about the strange, eerie place where live steam bubbled out of the earth. But folks laughed at him.

*Jim Bridger*





"There couldn't possibly be a place like that," they scoffed. John Colter was so hurt and humiliated at this that he went back to the peace and quiet of the mountains. But his stories went on.

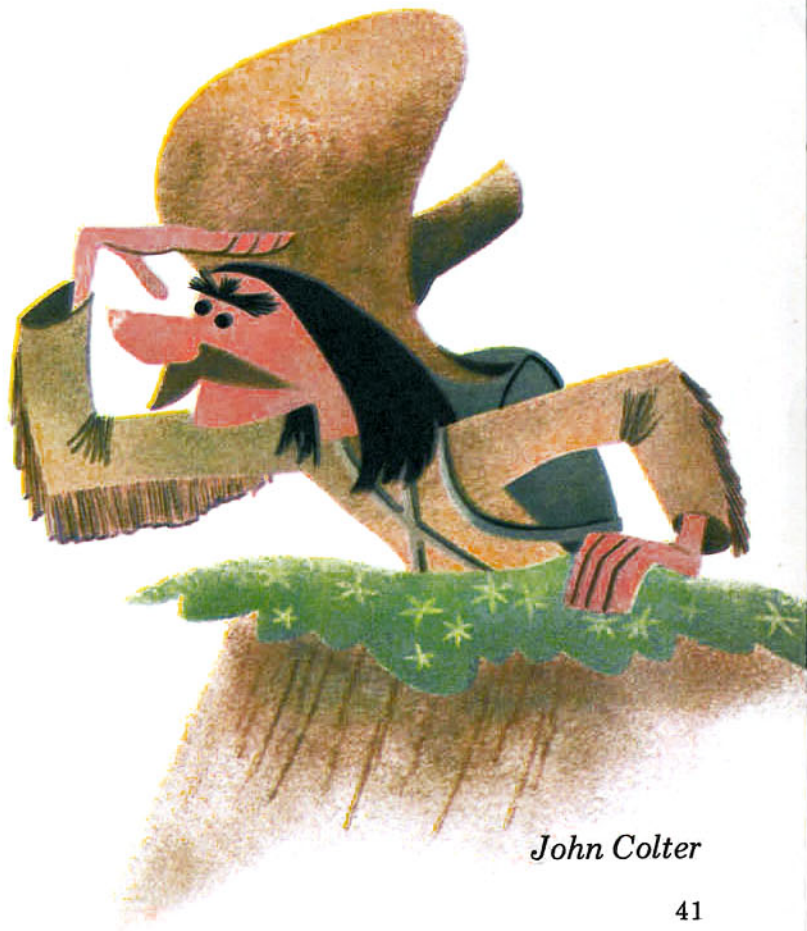
It was about 25 years later that another great frontiersman, Jim Bridger, heard the tales of Colter and the Yellowstone country and decided to find out for himself whether the tales were tall ones, or true. Bridger found Yellowstone and saw that Colter had been right.

When Bridger went back east and told the folks about Yellowstone, they laughed at him, just as they'd laughed at Colter. But Bridger didn't take to the hills to nurse his wounded pride. Instead, he decided that since no one believed his true stories, he'd tell some fantastic tales about the mysterious place.

There was a mountain there, he said, called Echo Mountain, where it took six hours for an echo to come bouncing back. And there was a glass mountain that had a peculiar way of making things miles away seem a whole lot nearer.

Bridger's favorite yarn was the one about the "Petrified Forest" filled with petrified birds singing among petrified leaves in the petrified moonlight.

Strangely enough, the tales of Colter and Bridger are still told in Yellowstone, "Land of Burning Mountains," which is now a national park, preserved for all to enjoy.



*John Colter*





## mickey's mailbox

Here we go again, with another mailbox full of letters we want to share with our readers all over the country. Hope you'll have fun with them. We did!

—The Editor

I am 13 years old. I like Darlene very much. She is pretty and talented. Please print some news about Darlene. Where does she live? Does she have any brothers and sisters? Also, please put in a new picture of her, where she isn't wearing her pigtails.

Mickey L.  
Easton, Penna.

Darlene, who is 16 years old, has three sisters—Patricia, 19, Larrian, 7, and Gina, 5. She lives in Burbank, very near the Disney studio. We think you'll like the color picture of Darlene on page 32.

The Editor.

We went to see "Cinderella" three times when it was here. There is one thing that bothers me. What happened to the cat when he jumped out that high window?

Jeanne D.  
Pittsburgh, Penna.

If what they say about cats is true, he landed on his feet!

—The Editor

I read in the paper that the Mickey Mouse Club TV show will only be a half-hour next year. Is this true? I watch the show every day and my favorites are the serial stories, the singing and dancing and the cartoons. If we will only have a half-hour, will we still have more Spin and Marty and the Hardy boys? Please tell me right away!

James D.  
Tustin, California

It is true that beginning September 30 there will be a half-hour show each day,

instead of an hour, but the contents of the half-hour will be very much the same as those of the hour show. There will be singing and dancing as usual, plus cartoons, newsreel specials, and SIX NEW SERIALS. Spin and Marty will be back for a third adventure, and the Hardy boys will solve another exciting mystery. A story called "Clint and Mac" will be filmed in England. It will be about an American boy called Clint and his adventures with his English friend, Mac. We haven't found out yet what the other three stories will be about, but our guess is that they'll be pretty exciting.

—The Editor

In the story about raccoons in the February issue, it says that the raccoon washes his food before he eats it. Why does he do this?

Susan W.  
Downers Grove, Illinois

We asked some of our naturalist friends about this, and they believe that the raccoon isn't really so interested in getting his food clean. But they think he gets pleasure out of feeling the food under water.

—The Editor

In "Butch and Jan Meet the Atom" in the last issue there were all kinds of things like monorail trains and moving sidewalks and atomic-powered airplanes and ships. Could these things really come true by 2,000 A.D.?

Louise J.  
Buffalo, New York

Of course, "Butch and Jan Meet the Atom" is fiction—and in this story we have tried to take a look into the future. Since speculation of any kind about the future is uncertain, we can't say ab-

solutely that all of the things described in this fiction story will be in common use in the year 2,000. But we can say that all the scientific and technical knowledge that could be the foundation of this wonderful world-of-the-future already exists today.

—The Editor




Jimmie  
Dodd  
Says...

The other day a boy I know was telling me about his special problem. It seems he's very shy. Whenever he gets in with a group of boys and girls, he just freezes up and isn't able to think of a thing to say. Well, I could advise him all right. The reason people are shy is because they're self-conscious. They just worry all the time about what other people are thinking about them. All a shy person has to do to get over his bashfulness is to stop worrying about himself and start thinking of other people. Pay attention and listen when someone else is talking. Be interested, and show that you're interested. People will like you and you'll get over being shy. And, if you know someone you think is shy, you talk to him first. Be nice to him. Help him forget his shyness, and you'll help yourself forget yours.

\* \* \*

Life is just like a mirror. If you smile at it, it smiles back at you. But if you frown, it will frown too, and give you a hard time. So that's why you should always keep smiling!





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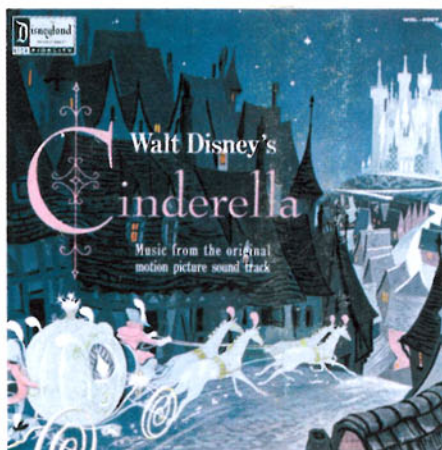
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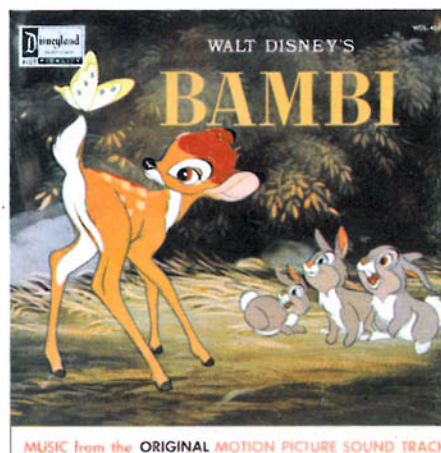
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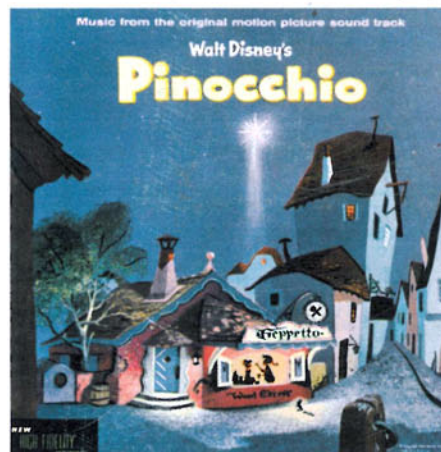


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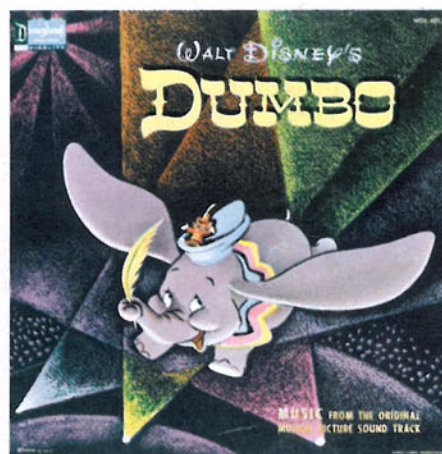


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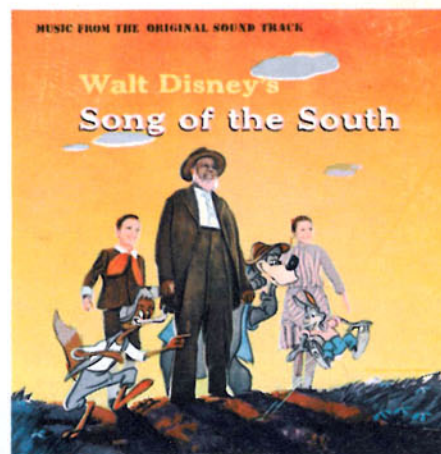
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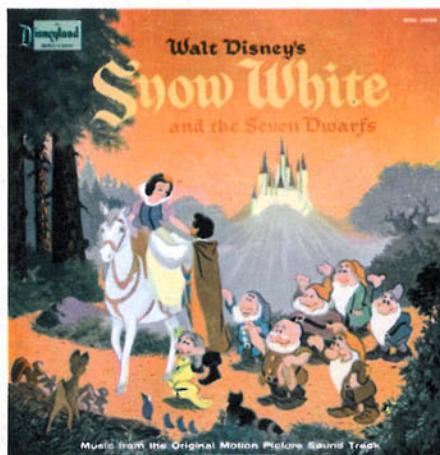


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